



MOTION PICTURE COMICS



JULY NO. 105

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

A Fawcett Publication

10¢

A JOHN HUSTON
PRODUCTION



STARRING
AUDIE MURPHY
AND
BILL MAULDIN



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
MIGHTY CIVIL WAR SAGA BASED ON
THE NOVEL BY STEPHEN CRANE

MOTION PICTURE COMICS

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
W. T. FULLERTON

Art Editor
AL JETTER



Stephen Crane's Great American Story of the Civil War

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

A John Huston Production

starring

AUDIE MURPHY and BILL MAULDIN

with

DOUGLAS DICK

JOHN DIERKES

ROYAL DANO

ARTHUR HUNNICUTT

Screenplay by John Huston

Adaptation by Albert Band

Produced by Gottfried Reinhardt ★ Directed by John Huston

An adaptation of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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MOTION PICTURE COMICS, July 1951, Vol. 18, No. 105, is published by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1951 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.



THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

DEATH HAD REAPED A BLOODY HARVEST
IN THE RAGING HOLOCAUST OF BATTLE.
BUT FOR HENRY FLEMING, A YOUNG
RECRUIT, THE GREATEST FIGHT HAD
STILL TO BE WON--HIS SOLITARY STRUG-
GLE TO DISCOVER THE MEANING OF
THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE!

THE YOUTH, HENRY FLEMING AUDIE MURPHY
THE LOUD SOLDIER, TOM WILSON BILL MAULDIN
THE LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS DICK
THE TATTERED SOLDIER ROYAL DANO
THE TALL SOLDIER JOHN DIERKES
BILL PORTER ARTHUR HUNNICUTT



SPRING, 1862. ON THE NORTH SHORE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK, HENRY FLEMING, A UNION SENTRY IS SUDDENLY ALERT.

TWEET!
TWEET!
TWEET!

SOMEONE'S WHISTLING ON THE OTHER SIDE!



WHO GOES THERE?

JUST ME, YANK! MOVE ON BACK INTO THE SHADOWS 'LESS YOU WANT ONE OF THEM LIL' RED BADGES. I COULDN'T MISS YOU STANDING THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT.



THERE'S NO POINT IN US SENTRIES SHOOTIN' AT EACH OTHER. 'SPECIALLY WHEN WE AIN'T FIGHTING A BATTLE. SO IF YOU'LL JUST GET OUT OF THE MOONLIGHT, I'LL BE OBLIGED.

THANKS, REB!



NOW THAT'S MIGHTY POLITE OF YOU TO THANK ME, YANK. YOU SOUND LIKE A NICE FELLER, SO DON'T GO GETTIN' ONE OF THOSE LIL' RED BADGES PINNED ON YOU.



THROUGHOUT THE SPRING OF THAT YEAR, THE ROAR OF BATTLE SHAKES THE LAND, BUT FOR THE UNTRIED ARMY OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK, WAR IS ONLY A MATTER OF ENDLESS WAITING AND DRILLING.



21ST REGIMENT

GHQ



ONE MORNING AS DRILL BREAKS UP---

HELLO, WILSON. HOW'S THINGS?

BAH! WAIT AND DRILL, DRILL AND WAIT. JUST THE SAME AS YESTERDAY AND THE DAY BEFORE. LOOKS LIKE WE'LL NEVER GET A CRACK AT THOSE REBS.



I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT. I KNOW A FELLER AT HEAD-QUARTERS WHO SAYS ORDERS THAT WE'RE TO MOVE UP THE RIVER, CUT ACROSS AND COME IN BEHIND THE REBS.

BY THUNDER! SO WE'RE GONNA FIGHT AT LAST, EH?



YES, SIR! JUST WAIT TILL TOMORROW AND YOU'LL SEE ONE OF THE BIGGEST BATTLES THERE EVER WAS. BUT KEEP IT TO YOURSELF, PROMISE?

YEAH, SURE! 'SCUSE ME! GOTTA SEE SOMEBODY 'BOUT SOMETHING.



BEFORE LONG, THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILD-FIRE!

YOU CAN BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BUT I'M TELLING YOU—NO MORE DRILLING! FROM TOMORROW ON, IT'LL BE OUT AND OUT FIGHTING.

SHUCKS! JUST WHEN I LAID A NEW PLANK FLOOR IN MY TENT, RECKON THAT WAS ALL IT TOOK TO START THINGS MOVING.



YOU MEAN THERE'S GOING TO BE A BATTLE?

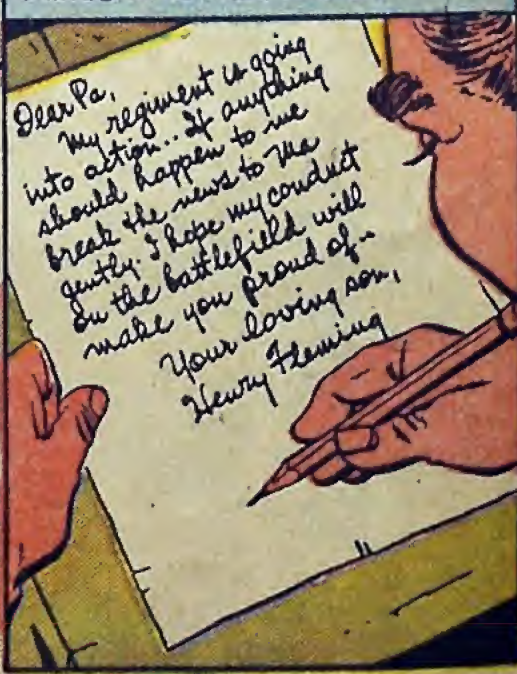
YEP! TOM SAYS A FELLER HE KNOWS AT HEADQUARTERS SAW THE ORDERS. WE'RE GOING UP THE RIVER, CUT ACROSS AND COME IN BEHIND 'EM.

WELL, WE'LL SEE TOMORROW IF THEM REBS ARE THE FIGHTERS THEY'RE CRACKED UP TO BE.

A BATTLE! THERE'LL BE SHOOTING AND KILLING, AND I'LL BE IN THE THICK OF IT.



SICK AT HEART THE YOUNG RECRUIT RETURNS TO HIS TENT AND WRITES A LETTER HOME.







AS THE MEN ARE DISMISSED, YOUNG FLEMING TALKS WITH STRANGE COURAGE.

DRILL, DRILL, DRILL! I'M GETTING MIGHTY SICK OF IT. THESE GUNS MIGHT AS WELL BE BROOMSTICKS. I JOINED UP TO FIGHT, AND WE CAN'T GET THOSE MARCHING ORDERS SOON ENOUGH FOR ME.



WHAT'S THE MATTER, JIM? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

I WISH I WAS FULL OF FIGHT LIKE SOME OF YOU FELLERS. GUESS I JUST AIN'T HIGH-SPIRITED ENOUGH.



HEY, FELLERS! COME ON! TOM WILSON AND BILL PORTER ARE GONNA HAVE A FIGHT.

THIS SHOULD BE A GOOD SCRAP.



THE TWO MEN SQUARE OFF BELLIGERENTLY, THEN SUDDENLY THE BUGLE SOUNDS.

HEY, THAT SOUNDS LIKE ASSEMBLY.

GRAB YER KNAPSACKS, BOYS! WE'RE MARCHING!



MARCHING! YAHOO! JUST LIKE I SAID...

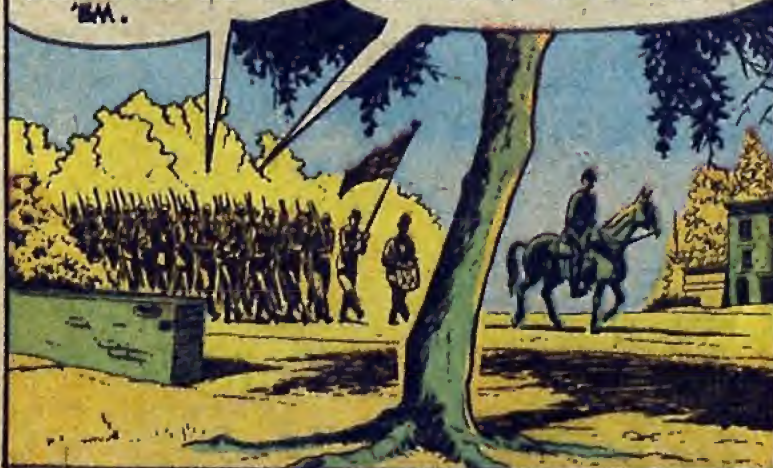
THEN TOM WAS RIGHT. THERE'S GOING TO BE A BATTLE.



BY DUSK THE ARMY IS ON THE MARCH, THE MEN AGOG WITH THE COMING BATTLE.

HEARD SOME OFFICERS TALKING. THEY SAID WE HAVE THE REBS JUST WHERE WE WANT 'EM.

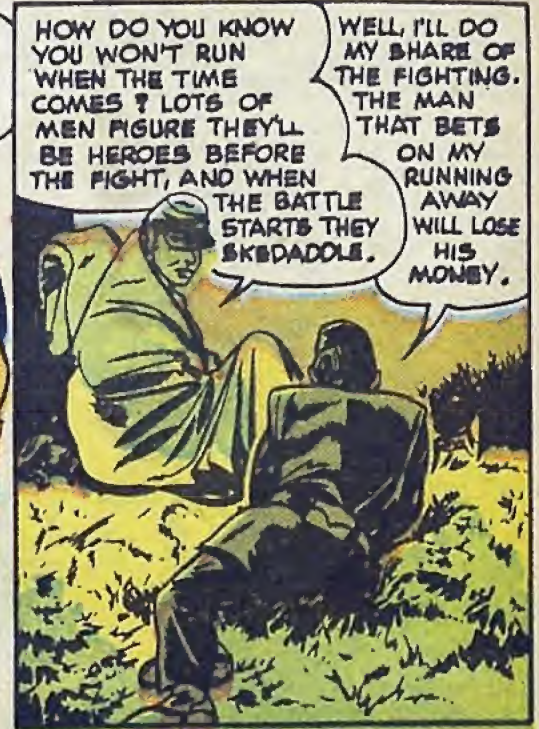
THEY'RE GOING TO WISH THEY STAYED AT HOME. I JUST HOPE THIS GUN SHOOTS STRAIGHT, THAT'S ALL.

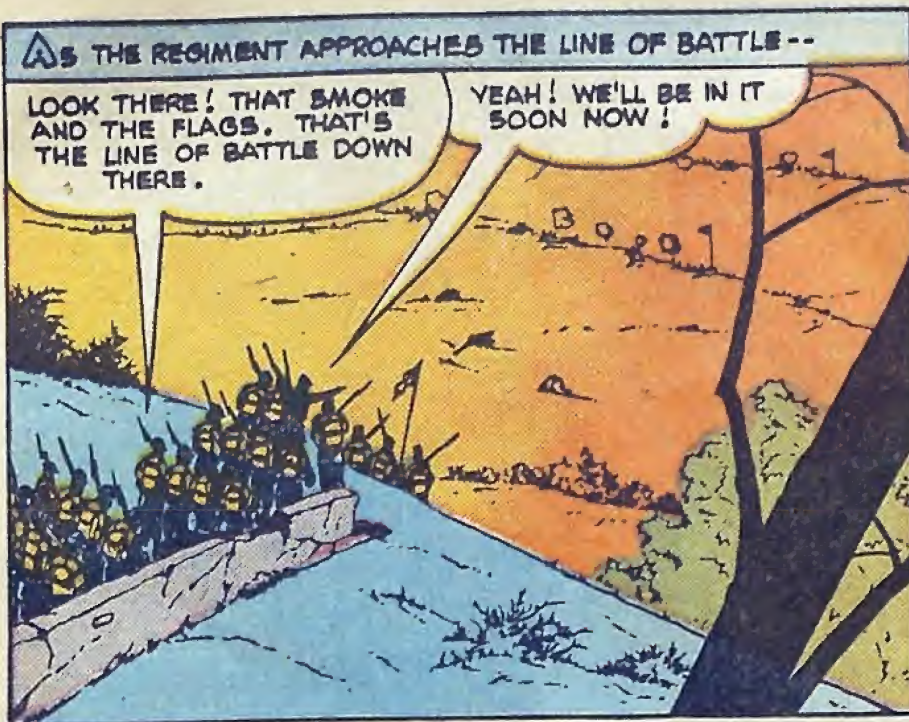


I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT GUN, IF I WAS YOU. I'D WORRY HOW STEADY I WAS HOLDING IT WHEN THE REBS CHARGE US.

STEADY! I'LL HAVE TO HOLD MY GUN STEADY. I--I'LL HAVE TO BE CALM.







AS THE REGIMENT APPROACHES THE LINE OF BATTLE--

LOOK THERE! THAT SMOKE AND THE FLAGS. THAT'S THE LINE OF BATTLE DOWN THERE.

YEAH! WE'LL BE IN IT SOON NOW!



CAREFUL, HENRY! THERE'S A DEAD MAN OVER THERE.

A D-DEAD MAN?!



COME ON, PRIVATE! GET INTO THE RANKS. NO LAGGING BEHIND. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THE SHELTER OF THE FOREST DOWN THERE.

YES, SIR.



ON THE FOREST THE MEN ARE STILL KEPT MOVING ---

WHAT ARE THEY MARCHING US AROUND FOR? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE... TRAMPING AROUND THE COUNTRY ALL DAY LONG, JUST WEARING OUR LEGS OFF.

YOU'RE RIGHT, HENRY.



IF ANYBODY WITH SENSE WAS RUNNING THIS ARMY....

OH SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! I'M SICK OF YOUR GABBING!



YOU HAVEN'T BEEN WEARING THAT UNIFORM MORE THAN SIX MONTHS AND YOU TALK AS IF...

WHAT'S THAT?



TAKE COVER, MEN! INTO THAT GROVE OF TREES.



THE YOUNG RECRUIT DISCOVERS THERE ARE OTHERS WHO ARE AFRAID --- HENRY, LISTEN, SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS MY FIRST AND LAST BATTLE. I--I'M A GONER FOR SURE. HENRY I KNOW IT.



LOOK, HENRY, I WANT YOU TO SEND THIS GOLD WATCH TO MY FOLKS. THEY GAVE IT TO ME LAST YEAR WHEN I TURNED TWENTY-ONE.

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU WANT ME TO.



HE'S SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS. AND IF A MAN LIKE TOM WILSON'S GOT REASON TO BE SCARED...



JUST THEN ---

CAPTAIN, THE REBS ARE ON THE HILL, AND THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY HERE! TAKE POSITION ON THAT ROAD BELOW, AND HOLD IT AT ALL COSTS!

WE'LL STAND, COLONEL, SIR!



ALL RIGHT, MEN! FIX BAYONETS! COMPANY FORWARD! DOWN THE HILL, BOYS!



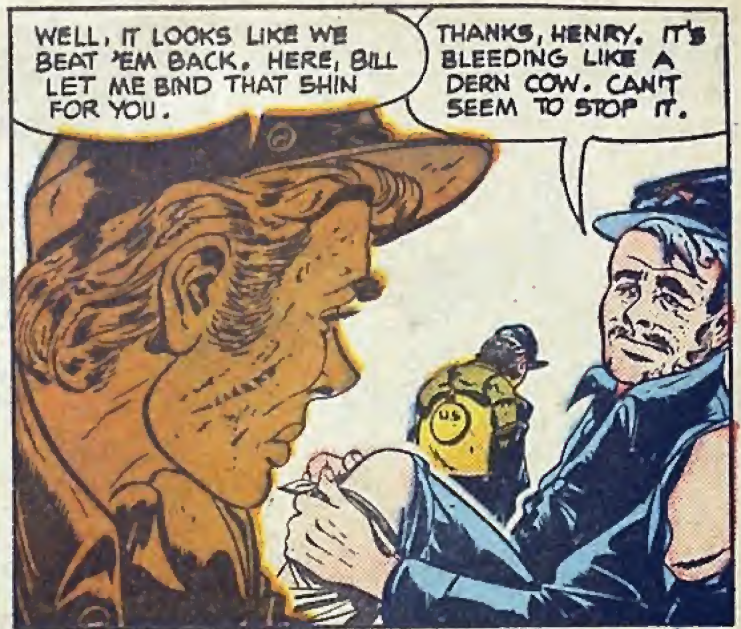
BUT AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL, THE COMPANY MEETS THE FIRST RETREATING TROOPS.

PERRY'S BEEN DRIVEN BACK WITH BIG LOSSES!

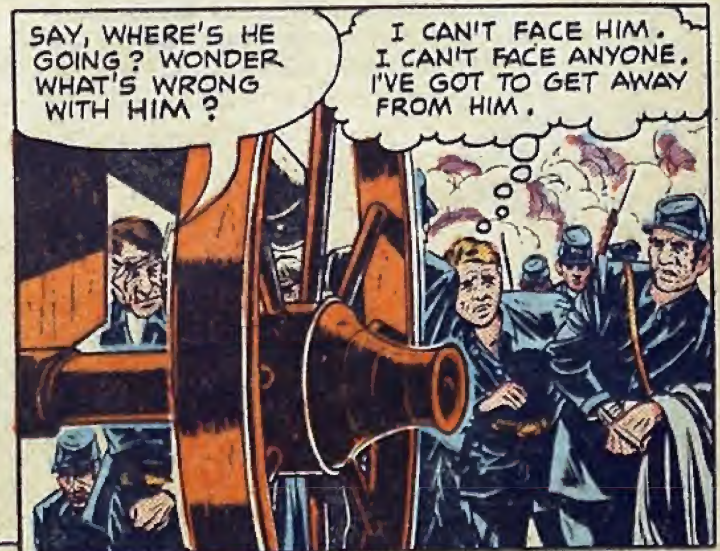
THEY TOOK HANNIBES' BATTERY AND THEY SAY WE'RE CATCHING IT ON THE LEFT, TOO!

SUDDENLY, THE HILL IS A SCENE OF WILD STAMPEDE---









SUDDENLY, JIM'S FACE WRITHES IN TERROR.

HENRY---HOLD ON TO ME! I'M AFRAID! I'M AFRAID I'LL FALL DOWN AND THEN THEM BLASTED ARTILLERY WAGONS WILL RUN OVER ME!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, JIM! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, I SWEAR I WILL.



WILL YUH, HENRY? I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO YOU, HAVEN'T I? AND IT AIN'T TOO MUCH TO ASK, IS IT? TO PULL ME OUT OF THE ROAD? I'D DO IT FOR YOU, WOULDN'T I, HENRY?

YES, I TELL YOU. YES, YES! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.



BETTER TAKE HIM OUTTA THE ROAD NOW, PARDNER. THERE'S A BATTERY TEARING DOWN TOWARD US. HE'LL BE A GONER IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES ANYHOW!



JIM.... JIM, COME WITH ME.

INTO THE FIELD? OH, I SEE! IT'S ALMOST TIME, ISN'T IT, HENRY?



A FEW MOMENTS LATER---

JIM! LET ME HELP YOU, JIM,

GASP! LEAVE ME BE---! DON'T TOUCH ME!



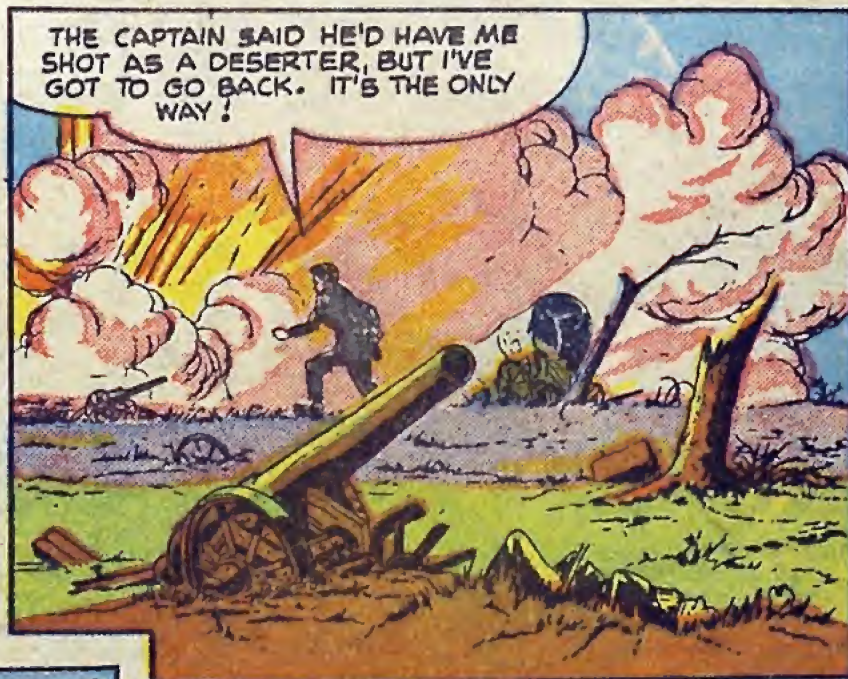
LEAVE ME BE-- FOR--JUST--A MINUTE.

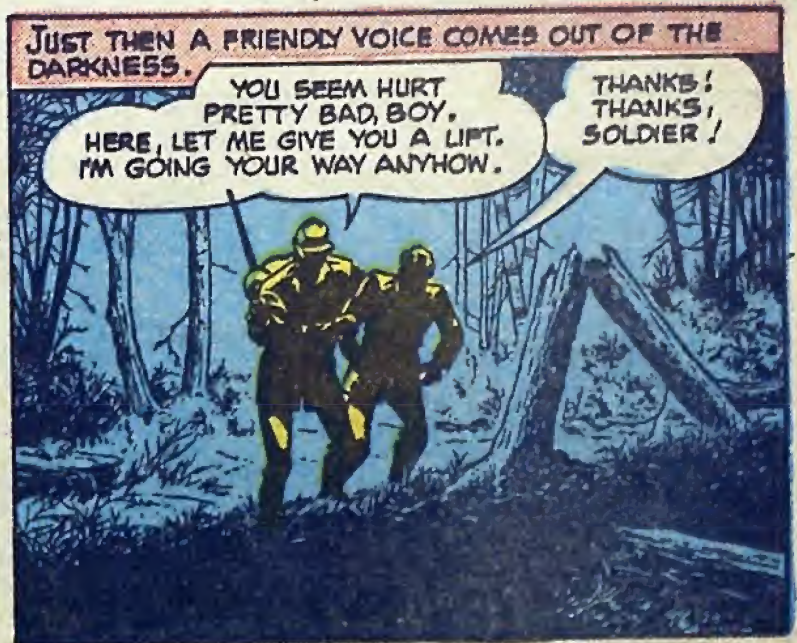


AAHHH!

JIM! OH, JIM!







I WONDER WHO WON TODAY--
US OR THE REBS? GUESS
NOT EVEN THE GENERAL
KNOWS. OF COURSE THEY'LL
SAY WE WON A BIG VICTORY.
THEY GOTTA KEEP THE
PEOPLE'S SPIRITS UP
BACK HOME.



AFTER HOURS OF WALKING
IN DARKNESS...

HEY THERE,
CORPORAL!
YOU KNOW
WHERE THE
304TH IS
LOCATED!

WHY, I
JUST PASSED
IT OVER IN
THAT CLEAR-
ING BEHIND
ME.



YOU SEE! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW.
YES SIR! WHEN THINGS GET MIXED UP
LIKE THEY WERE TODAY-- WITH ALL THE
SHOOTING AND HOLLERIN'-- THERE'S
ONLY ONE THING TO DO. TURN YOUR-
SELF OVER TO THE LORD AND DO
YOUR DUTY.



IF YOU HAPPEN TO GET KILLED,
WELL, DYING'S ONLY DYING. TOMOR-
ROW THE BIRDS WILL SING AND THE
SUN WILL SHINE JUST THE SAME.
THINKING OF IT THAT WAY ALWAYS
GIVES ME A PEACE
OF MIND.

PEACE OF
MIND. IF I
COULD ONLY
FIND IT
FOR MYSELF!



AND THERE YOU ARE! YOUR
REGIMENTS OVER THAT WAY BY
THE FIRE! GOODBYE, YOUNG
FELLER, AND GOOD LUCK
TO YOU!

HEY! IT'S
HENRY
FLEMING!



BY GINGER, HENRY!
I'M GLAD TO SEE
YOU. I THOUGHT
YOU WERE DEAD,
SURE ENOUGH.

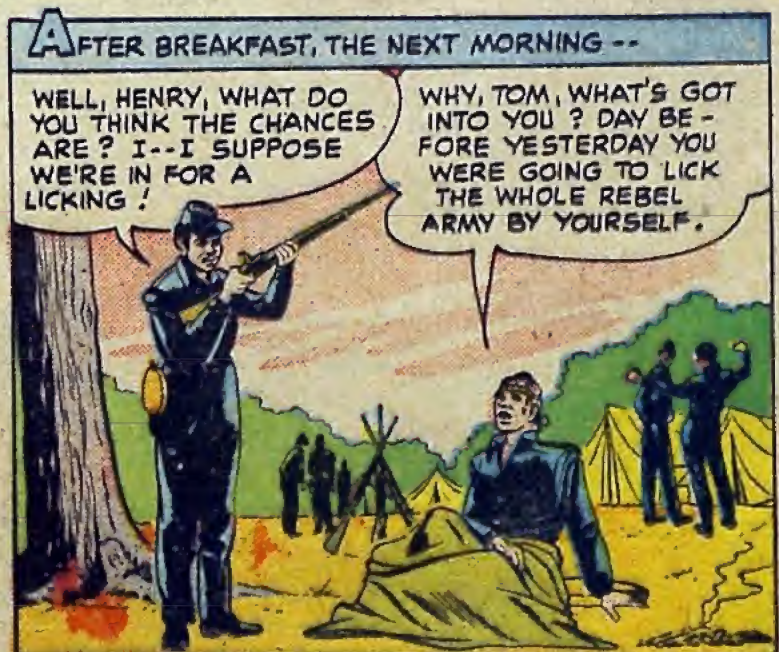
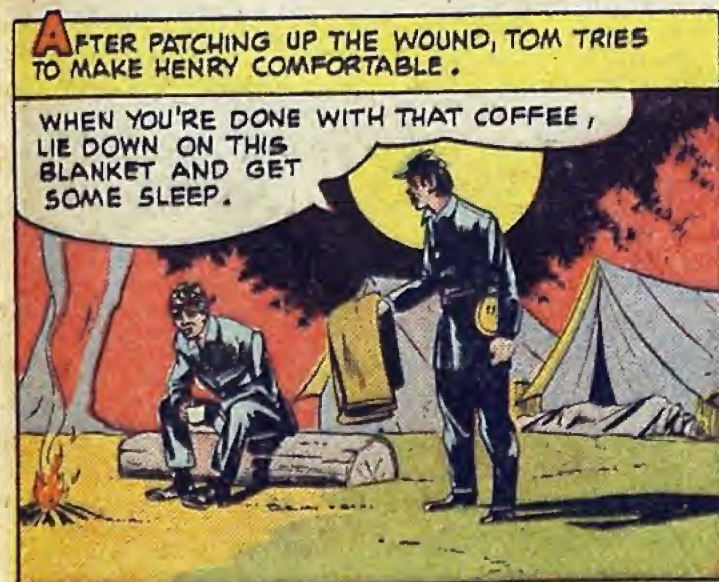
I--I'VE HAD AN
AWFUL TIME, TOM.
GOT SEPARATED
FROM THE REGIMENT.
I DON'T KNOW HOW.



I WAS OVER ON THE RIGHT.
I NEVER SAW SUCH FIGHTING.
I--ER--I GOT SHOT, TOO.
SEE? IN THE HEAD.

WHAT? WHY DIDN'T
YOU SAY SO? HEY,
CORPORAL! LOOK
WHO'S HERE!





I GUESS I DID SOUND LIKE A PRETTY BIG FOOL THEN. IT SEEMS LIKE IT ALL HAPPENED YEARS AGO INSTEAD OF ONLY YESTERDAY.



AND, HENRY, I GUESS YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE ME BACK MY WATCH.

WHY SURE, TOM, WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID. "IT'S MY FIRST AND LAST BATTLE. SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M A GONER!"



BUT HENRY'S SMILE FADES ---

IT---IT'S SMASHED --BY A BULLET.



I'M SORRY, TOM. I KNOW WHAT IT MEANT TO YOU. I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING EACH MONTH OUT OF MY PAY FOR A NEW ONE.

FORGET IT, HENRY, I'M GLAD IT HAPPENED TO THE WATCH INSTEAD OF TO YOU. THAT BULLET WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU SURE.



THAT AFTERNOON, WITH THE REGIMENT ON THE MARCH AGAIN, YOUNG FLEMING TRIES TO PLAY THE ROLE OF A WOUNDED VETERAN.

MARCHING! MARCHING! IT MAKES ME SICK. NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING OR WHY. IF YOU ASK ME OUR GENERALS ARE A LOT OF LUNKHEADS.

MORE'N ONE MAN'S SAYING THAT TODAY.



WE FIGHT LIKE THE DEVIL, DON'T WE? IF WE DON'T WHIP 'EM IT MUST BE THE GENERAL'S FAULT. THERE'S NO SENSE IN FIGHTING IF WE WERE ALWAYS GOING TO LOSE.

MAYBE YOU THINK YOU FOUGHT THE WHOLE BATTLE BY YOURSELF, FLEMING?





WHY,
NO---
I--I--

SHUT UP BACK THERE, YOU MEN! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH GABBLING OLD HENS. ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS FIGHT--AND YOU'LL HAVE TO DO PLENTY OF THAT IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES.



ALL RIGHT, LIEUTENANT! THERE'S YOUR SECTOR OF THE BATTLE LINE. DEPLOY YOUR MEN AND FIGHT LIKE BLAZES.



THE ENEMY ATTACKS ONCE MORE.

KEEP AGAINST THE BANK, MEN! FRONT RANK FIRE! REAR RANK LOAD!

HERE THEY COME!

IF THEY KEEP ON ATTACKING, THOSE REBS BETTER WATCH OUT! OUR BOYS WILL STAND JUST SO MUCH!

HUH! IF THEY KEEP ON ATTACKING, THEY'LL DRIVE US ALL INTO THE RIVER!



IN THE WILD FERVOR OF BATTLE, THE YOUNG SOLDIER KEEPS FIRING UNTIL.....

LOOK AT THAT FLEMING. HE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE WE'VE DRIVEN 'EM BACK!

FLEMING! YOU INFERNAL IDIOT! DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO QUIT WHEN THERE'S NOTHING TO SHOOT AT.



I'M SORRY, SIR. GUESS I WAS PRETTY MAD.

HEAR THAT, YOU MEN? THAT'S WHAT WE NEED TO DO. GET MAD! BY HEAVENS, IF I HAD TEN THOUSAND WILD-CATS LIKE FLEMING, I'D FINISH THIS WAR IN A WEEK.



GOOD BOY, FLEMING!

BY THUNDER! I'LL BET THERE AIN'T ANOTHER REGIMENT LIKE THIS IN THE WHOLE ARMY.

THE FIRING CEASES A SHORT WHILE.

I'M DYING OF THIRST!

ME, TOO! I COULD DRINK A GALLON OF WATER IN ONE LONG SWALLOW.

THE WAY I FIGURE THERE MIGHT BE A STREAM ON THOSE WOODS OVER THERE.

LIEUTENANT, I THINK I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A STREAM. CAN FLEMING AND I GO AFTER SOME WATER FOR THE BOYS?

ALL RIGHT! BUT DON'T FORGET TO COME BACK.

Suddenly ---

TOM, LOOK THERE! IT'S THE GENERAL AND HIS STAFF.

QUIET! MAYBE WE CAN HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

THE REBS ARE FORMING FOR ANOTHER CHARGE AGAINST WHITERSIDE. WE CAN'T STOP THEM THIS TIME UNLESS WE GIVE HIM SUPPORT. WHAT TROOPS CAN YOU SPARE?

WELL, I HAD THE 12TH, BUT I HAD TO ORDER THEM IN TO HELP THE 76TH.

BUT THERE'S THE 304TH. THEY FIGHT LIKE A LOT OF MULE DRIVERS. I GUESS I CAN SPARE THEM THE BEST OF ANY.

THE 304TH, EH? WELL, GET 'EM READY THEN. I'LL SEND YOU WORD WHEN TO START THEM. IT'LL BE ABOUT FIVE MINUTES. POOR DEVILS! NOT MANY OF THOSE MULE DRIVERS WILL RETURN.

WELL, LOOKS LIKE THE GENERAL THINKS WE'RE MULE DRIVERS, TOO. GUESS WE'D BETTER GET BACK.

YEAH!





COME ON, MEN!
FORWARD! FOLLOW
ME!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS, HERE COME
THE DAM'YANKES! LET 'EM
HAVE IT!

HI-YI-
HY!

THE REBEL FIRE TEARS THROUGH THE CHARGING
REGIMENT, AS THE YOUNG SOLDIER LUNGES
ACROSS THE FIELD.



SUDDENLY, THE MEN FALTER!

COME ON, YOU LUNKHEADS! COME ON!
WE'LL ALL GET KILLED IF WE STAY
HERE!



GET MOVING. WE'VE
ONLY GOT TO CROSS
THAT FIELD.

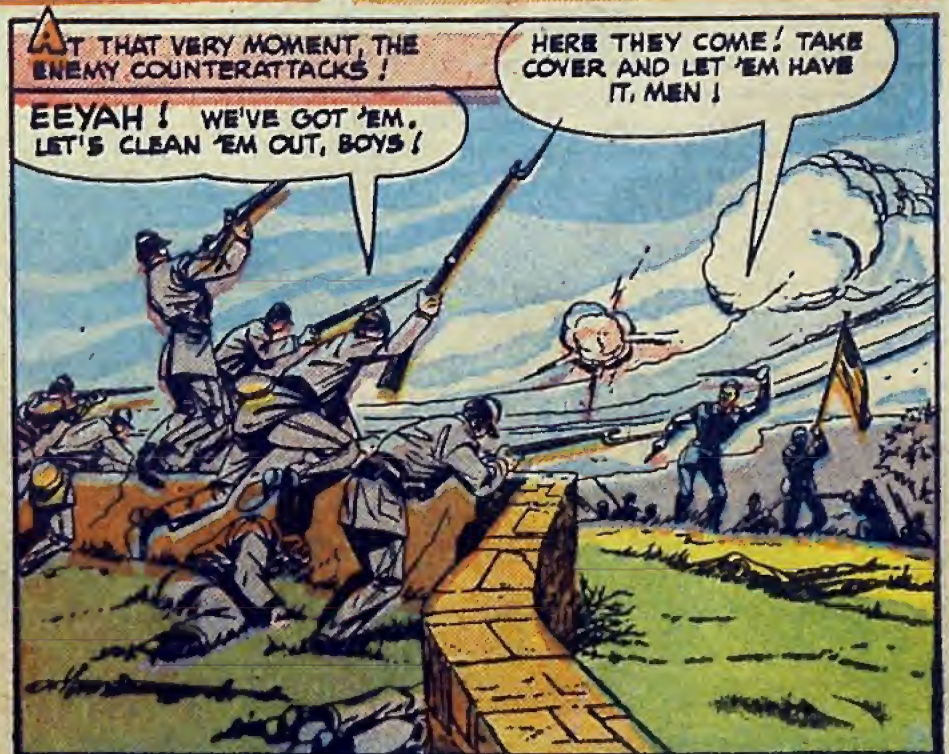
CROSS THERE?



JUST ACROSS THE FIELD.
WE CAN'T STAY HERE!
COME ON, YOU COWARD!

COWARD, AM I?
COME ON YOUR-
SELF THEN!







POUR IT INTO 'EM, BOYS! COME ON, WE'VE GOT 'EM NOW!



BY THUNDER! WE WHIPPED 'EM!

WE GAVE 'EM WHAT FOR!

THEY ASKED FOR IT AND THEY GOT IT!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, THE REGIMENT RETURNS TO ITS LINES...

DON'T TELL ME WE ONLY WENT THAT LITTLE PIECE. I THOUGHT IT WAS MILES, AND IT AIN'T NO MORE THAN YOU COULD THROW A STICK.

HEY, FLEMING! WILSON!



FLEMING, THERE, HE'S A HUMDINGER, AIN'T HE? AND WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT? WHY, HE'S HARDLY DRY BEHIND THE EARS.

JUST GOES TO SHOW, YOU CAN'T TELL BY LOOKING AT A FELLER.

YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN THERE. THE COLONEL ASKED WHO WAS THE ONE WHO CARRIED THE FLAG. THE LIEUTENANT SAID, "THAT'S FLEMING! AND HE'S A JIM DANDY!"

YER IYING, THOMPSON.



NO I AIN'T. IT HAPPENED RIGHT BY US! AND THEN THE LIEUTENANT SAID, "FLEMING AND A FELLER NAMED WILSON LED THE CHARGE."

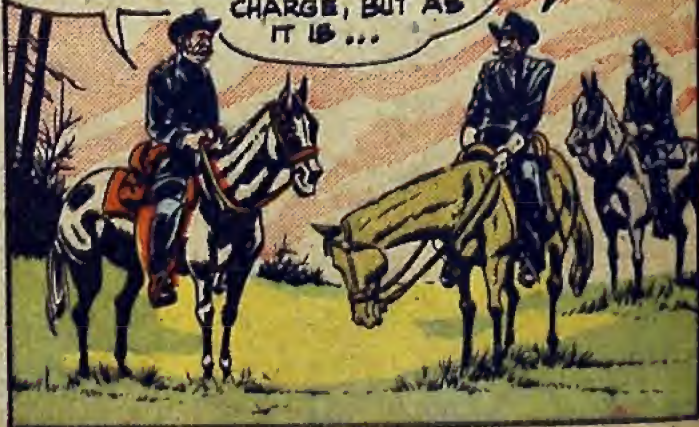
AND THEN THE COLONEL SAID, "FLEMING AND WILSON, EH? THEY DESERVE TO BE MAJOR GENERALS."



ELSEWHERE AT THAT MOMENT, THE GENERAL IS ALSO DISCUSSING THE CHARGE!

MCCHESNEY, YOU'VE MADE A MESS OF THIS THING. AN AWFUL MESS! IF YOUR MEN HAD ONLY GONE A HUNDRED FEET FURTHER ON YOU'D HAVE MADE A GREAT CHARGE, BUT AS IT IS...

BUT, SIR, WE WENT AS FAR AS WE COULD.



DID YOU, INDEED? WELL, THAT WASN'T FAR ENOUGH. YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO MAKE A DIVERSION TO HELP WHITERSIDE. THOSE REBEL CANNONS WILL TELL YOU HOW WELL YOU'VE SUCCEEDED.



SPENDER, ORDER BATTERIES TO START FIRING IN PREPARATION FOR ANOTHER ATTACK. I'M GOING TO VISIT THE MEN ON THE LINE.



COME, GENTLEMEN! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO SPARK UP THE BOYS FOR WHAT'S AHEAD!



MOMENTS LATER, ON THE BATTLE LINE, THE MEN SNAP TO ATTENTION.

IT'S THE GENERAL!

AT EASE, MEN!



WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THE REBS A GOOD LICKING TODAY, AREN'T WE, BOYS?

WE'LL TRY, SIR!



BY THE WAY, WHAT ARE YOU HAVING FOR SUPPER TONIGHT?

HARDTACK AND SOW-BELLY, SIR!



I'LL COME AROUND, IF YOU'LL FIX AN EXTRA PLATE.

IT'LL BE A GREAT HONOR, SIR!







WITH IRRESISTABLE FORCE THE REGIMENT SWEEPS TOWARD THE STONE WALL AND THE ENEMY BREAKS AT THE IMPACT.





AS THE SOUND OF BATTLE DIES AWAY, THE
CURIOUSLY AT THEIR PRISONERS ...

YOU HEARD ME! I RAN OUT
OF POWDER. I'DA KILLED ME
ANOTHER YANK IF I HAD
THE POWDER.

LUCKY YOU HAD
KILLED YOURSELF.



WE'RE FROM OHIO.
SAY, WHAT STATE ARE
YOU FROM?

WE ALL ARE FROM
TENNESSEE.



I NEVER SPOKE TO
ANYONE FROM OHIO BE-
FORE. MY NAME'S PETTI-
GREW - LUCIUS
PETTIGREW!

AND I NEVER
SPOKE TO ANY-
ONE FROM TEN-
NESSEE BEFORE.
I'M BILL PORTER.



I GUESS THAT GENERAL
CAN'T FIND FAULT WITH US
THIS TIME. WE SHOWED
HIM, DIDN'T WE, HENRY?

I GUESS
WE DID!



YOU WERE THE BEST
OF ANY. ALL THE
BOYS ARE SAYING
IT.

EVERYBODY
DID GOOD.



BUT THE STRAIN OF BATTLE
FINALLY GRIPS THE YOUNG
SOLDIER, AND ---

I AIN'T THE
BEST! I AIN'T
NO GOOD AT
ALL.

HENRY,
WHAT'S
WRONG?



YOU WANT TO KNOW SOME-
THING? I RAN AWAY YESTER-
DAY WHEN THINGS GOT HOT. I
GOT SCARED AND RAN! IF THE
CAPTAIN WAS ALIVE, HE'D TELL
YOU. HE TRIED TO STOP ME.







METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
BRINGS TO THE SCREEN
STEPHEN CRANE'S IMMORTAL
CIVIL WAR CLASSIC

**"THE RED BADGE
OF COURAGE"**

STARRING

AUDIE MURPHY and BILL MAULDIN
with GLORIA EATON